THE

# Royal Pattern.

OR,

# ADVICE

## To the Fair SEX.

*By* THOMAS ROGERS, *Esq;*

*LONDON:*

Printed for J. ROBERTS, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*; and Sold at the Pamphlet-Shops in *Westminster-Hall*, at *Temple-Bar*, and the *Royal-Exchange*.

[*Price Six-pence.*]

Where may be had, written by the same Author,

An Epistolary POEM to a Lady, on the Expedition of Lord *Cathcart*. And

*DISEASE*, Or the Vanity and Misery of Human LIFE.

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Royal Patern.

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A D V I C E

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## To the Fair SEX.

TRUST not, fond Maids! Thoſe who adore
The Beauties of a Face;
Beauty is but a fading Flower,
That dies in the Embrace.

Regard them not, ye blooming Fair!
Love takes a nobler Part,
'Tis he alone is worth your Care,
Who ſearches to the Heart.

That

* This Poem, tho' never before publiſh'd, was written juſt after the Death of her late Majeſty.

That Paſſion's but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze,
To Shape or Skin confin'd;
She who'd a laſting Empire raiſe,
Muſt found it on the Mind.

The more we ſee, let Nature rule,
The more we ſhall admire:
A Flaſh of Wit may Fire a Fool,
But ſoon thoſe Flames expire.

And what's the Wit too oft affects?
A Puff of empty Pride!
A Screen to hide our own Defects,
A Sting to all beſide.

Truſt not your Fortune, that you'l find
A Toy too weak to name:
Is that our Love? we ſoon grow blind,
Forget from whence it came.

Or muſt we, to be bleſt, be great?
Should Wealth and Honour join,
Ne'er judge of Happineſs by State,
Nor ſeek it in the Mine.

Nor boaſt your Race; from ſplendid Birth
The Joys of Life don't flow;
Search not their Tombs, thy Kindred's Worth
Let Emulation ſhow.

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Ne'er

Ne'er raiſe your Hopes on others Fame;
They who their Lineage trace,
A Father's Merit may proclaim,
But ſound their own Diſgrace.

Youth too will fade, while Charms within
To Age nor Sickneſs bow:
Good-nature poliſhes the Skin,
And ſmooths the wrinkled Brow:

To every Action gives a Grace,
Makes every Feature young,
Adds a freſh Luſtre to the Face,
And Muſick to the Tongue.

*FLIRTILLA* may her Fops engage,
And for a while controul;
True Beauty flouriſhes with Age,
And grows upon the Soul.

Obſerve fair *MIRA*'s brighter Charms,
Still freſh on every Heart,
Truth and Humility, her Arms,
And Kindneſs, all her Art.

Beauty alone too oft betrays,
Like *Ignis-fatuus* bright,
We on the dazling Meteor gaze,
Then curſe its treacherous Light.

So *PARIS*, when to Beauty's Prize
Three Goddeſſes laid claim,
On *VENUS* only fixt his Eyes,
And ſet the World o'flame.

Virtue and Wiſdom be your Gueſts,
Your native Worth improve;
When Pride and Trifles fill your Breaſts,
What room is left for Love?

All outward Charms are painted Clay,
And ſcarce a Moment laſt;
The Roſe and Lilly bloom a Day,
But bow to every Blaſt.

A ſparkling Eye, or witty Strain,
May point their feeble Darts,
And for a time oppreſs the Brain,
But ſeldom fix our Hearts.

Beauty may take us by Surprize,
Exert her Angel Face;
Yet if the Soul her Looks belies,
We fly the loath'd Embrace.

As when the Sun his vernal Heat
In milder Beams diſplays,
With Homage we his Influence greet,
But ſhun his ſcorching Rays.

Theſe Truths let ſacred Story tell,
Truths you have often heard,

How unregarded *VASHTI* fell,
When *ESTHER* once appear'd.

That Pride ſhould fall, juſt Heav'n ordain'd,
This ſaw the *Perſian* King;
He lov'd at firſt, but ſoon diſdain'd
The fluttering gaudy Thing.

Far different *CARMEL*'s Fair behav'd,
The haughty *NABAL*'s Wife;
Whoſe Virtues rare, and Wiſdom ſav'd
A guilty Husband's Life.

O beauteous *ABIGAIL!* thy Fame,
Three thouſand Years make known,
What *VASHTI* loſt by Pride, you gain'd
Through Gentleneſs — a Throne.

To eaſe our Cares, our Joys refine,
And Paſſions to reſtrain,
Was Woman form'd, but ne'er deſign'd
To give her Lovers Pain.

The gentle Aſpect, modeſt Mien,
Prudence, and Friendſhip true,
The ſmiling Cheek, and Brow ſerene,
Are Graces ever new.

When tender Softneſs, Manners ſweet,
Good Senſe, from Virtue flow;

In Love what laſting Pleaſures meet,
Sure none but Lovers know.

This is the Charm true Bliſs imparts,
Should Time your Looks impair,
Let Wiſdom guide, and ſearch our Hearts,
You'l find them blooming there.

Such was ---but oh! too good to live,
Too godlike e'er to die;
(Theſe loyal Tears, ye Fair! forgive,
Tears due from every Eye!)

Such was (oh, could I ſay ſhe is!
Indulge a Muſe's Zeal)
The royal Dame, now crown'd with Bliſs,
Whoſe Loſs three Kingdoms feel.

There were the Charms, if I could bring
Perfection to your View;
Could Mortals copy, or I ſing,
I'd recommend to You.

There dwelt, in one fair Pattern join'd,
(Too great to be expreſt)
Virtue with every Grace combin'd,
In *CAROLINA*'s Breaſt.

***FINIS.***